, instead of the name of justice, it can take to itself the still more sacred name of religion, and the actors imagine that they are promoting higher interests than those of man, and doing service to God. " The apotheosis of error/ says Bacon, " is the greatest evil of all." Take the following illustration of the two species of cruelty.

In one of the instructive incidents of the French Revolution, we have the record of a lady of rank, (mother of the Marquis de Custine,) assaulted by an infernal mob as she was descending the stairs of the building in which her father-in-law was being tried. "It is the daughter of the traitor!" (observe how men must first defame those whom they injure,) was the language which, mingled with horrid imprecations, reached her ears. Already some, with naked swords, had placed themselves before her; others, half clothed, had caused their women to draw "back—a certain sign that murder was about to be enacted ; and she felt that the first symptom of weakness betrayed by her would be the symptom of her death. At this crisis, she observed a fisher-woman among the foremost of the .crowd. The woman, who was revolting in appearance, held an infant in her arms. The lady approached her, and said, "What a sweet babe you have!" "Take it," replied the parent, who understood her by one word and glance; "you can return it to me at the foot of the steps." With" the child in her arms, the lady descended into the court, unsaluted by even an abusive word.* It is a picture of the scenes of a political convulsion; and we discover in it the working of an unenlightened conscience, and a perverted sense of wrong, making the actors to clothe their victims in imaginary guilt, before treating them as guilty. Mingled with this perverted moral feeling, we discover sympathetic feelings, more particularly in the female bosom ; and we observe these feelings gaining over the very conscience at first perverted, and leading

the most brutal to act in a becoming manner, when, their feelings of compassion are in the right direction.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew exhibits a still darker scene, and one as characteristic of a religious (so-called) as the other is of a political convulsion. A ruthless murderer lays hold of an infant, and while holding it, the babe smiles in his face, and begins to play with his beard ; but it is to no purpose, for the

* Introd. of Custine's Emp. of Czar.